The True Northerner.

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LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee;
Dey queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see;
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes'dings
In all parts off der house—
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He got der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's out;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff into mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd take dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk pan for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der shticks to beat it mid—
Mine cracious dot vas drue!
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart,
He kicks up sooch a touse—
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodt blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubpon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes from der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mith sooch a crazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

—*Hartford Times.*

A BIT OF LACE.

"It's a perfectly exquisite piece of lace, papa."

"I dare say, Flor."

"But I want you to look at it."

"I shouldn't know any more about it if I did."

"Well, then, I want you to buy it."

"Buy it! What for?"

"Why, for me."

"Pay five hundred dollars for a handkerchief for you?"

"Yes, indeed. All other girls have them, although certainly this is a little, the least little, nicer than theirs. I don't know why Lucy should have a handsomer handkerchief than I, just because she's married. Anybody else would say it was enough to be married, and so let me have the handkerchief. Married women have everything—love, and lace, and diamonds. Now, papa, just take out you pocket-book." It was a coaxing voice.

"Do you suppose I carry $500 bills in my pocket-book?"

"It makes no odds. Your check-book, then. I have set my heart on it, it's such a beauty. If you only look at it—look at the wreath of flowers, all so delicately shaded; here the close work in the light, you see, there the open work in the shade, so perfect you can quite fancy the colors; and all done in this one thread. See, papa, there's a dewdrop, that round hole in the mesh."

"Nonsense, Flor; I can't see anything of the kind there."

"That's because your eye isn't educated, sir. Mine is; for I have studied other people's laces till I could almost work them. That's a good man! I knew you would. You always do. One, two, three!" And then there was a shower of kisses and tinkling laughter. And that was the conversation of a millionaire and his daughter that Lucian Malvin heard over the transom of the next room to his in the hotel where he staid over night a year or two ago, seeing neither people nor handkerchief, and aghast at the thought of a handkerchief costing the awful price of $500, which was one-third of the mortgage on his little place that he was trying to pay off, heart and soul—a conversation that now recurred to him in a moment of real agony, as the housemaid stood before him holding a little limp rag in her hand that she had just snatched out of the washtub, and that last night was a bit of dainty lace that Miss Rose Mercier had called her handkerchief, and had given him to hold during the gallop. Good heavens, how was he ever going to restore it

He was a young lawyer, just entering upon what in time would probably be fine practice, but which was now rather empirical. He had started in the race for wealth and honor with good legal ability, good name, and good morals, and with no other impediments than a little patrimony in the shape of a modest dwelling in the suburbs, which he had been obliged to mortgage for the means to get a part of his education and his profession, which mortgage he was striving to pay off, that he might begin the future clear of the world. He was a handsome fellow, this Lucian Malvin, an ambitious one, too, in some degree, and very nearly as proud as Lucifer. He used to feel many a pang in the association with those so much wealthier than himself to which certain circumstances had subjected him. He had had an important case accidently thrown into his hands, and had acquitted himself so well that the wealthy client took him up and would not let him down; and when Lucian remonstrated that it was out of his power to keep up such association, and was mortifying to his pride beside, the client had assured him it was not pride, but vanity, that was mortified, and that the way to be wealthy as those he met was to keep their company and get their cases; and he had thought, on the whole, that perhaps his friend was right, and that, if he began to yield with an ignoble motive, he had nevertheless become very fond of the ways of people to whom wealth had given every opportunity of culture and grace, and who knew how to treat life like a work of art. Moreover, it was not a little that he was petted by various of these good people. Certain motherly ladies made him at home with them, and won his confidence and affection, notably Mrs. Barnetta. Parents with good rent-rolls of their own, as Mrs. Barnetta used to tell him, were not so inconsistent in the matter of rent-rolls as of virtue and talent in their daughters' husbands; and he was invited here and invited there, and given to understand a great deal more than he chose to understand. Proud as Lucifer, as it was previously stated, he was going to marry no heiress of them all and be the thrall of her money; he would not marry a rich woman—he could not marry a poor one. When he married he was going to give, not take, and at present he had nothing to give. Perhaps he would have been a nobler person if he had not been quite so strenuous in this matter of obligation; but then, as Mrs. Barnetta said, he would not have been Lucian Malvin, and Lucian Malvin was a very good fellow, after all, and there are few of us but have our faults.

It was among these people that he happened to meet Rosa Mercier. She had come from a distant place, and was visiting his pleasantest acquaintance; and certainly the house was pleasanter still after her sunshiny little presence dawned upon it. It seemed as if, for instance, there never had been any flowers in the house before, although it had always been overflowing; it seemed as if there had been no music there, no light, or color or cheer; and now the place was too dangerously delightful for a young man who did not want to marry to frequent. She was such a lovely little thing; not exactly beautiful, that is, she would not have been beautiful in a picture, but in flesh and blood, and in Lucian Malvin's eyes, she was exceedingly beautiful, with her soft color, her clear dark gaze and her bright hair that broke into a cloud of sunny rings about her sweet face; such a gentle gaiety went with her wherever she did; such a tender grace of manner, too, in the intervals of her buoyant spirits; her voice was much a warbling voice, her ways such winsome ways. Lucian Malvin felt that he must forswear her presence unless he wanted to make life a burden to himself, and he ceased going to Mrs. Barnetta's where she was staying, almost as suddenly as the day forsakes the horizon in that dreary season when twilights are not.

But if he could shut himself out from the Barnettas, he could not shut Miss Rosa out from general society; and go where he would, he met her almost nightly, laughing gayly, singing sweetly, dancing lightly, till he declared to himself that, if this was going to last, he must indeed cease going out at all. But that was a little too much; he did not know how positively to deny himself the mere sight of her. Yet things were growing very precarious when he could not take a book but he saw that blushing, gold-enringed face slide in between the pages; when he could not make out a writ without being in danger of slipping her name into the blanks; when he heard the delicious voice murmuring in his ears when he waked, and walked all night with the little spirit when he slept. He made a compromise with himself—it was all he could—and declared that at any rate he would not dance with her again. It was an idle effort. He might almost as well have danced with her as have stood looking at her, quite unconscious of his general air, and all the lover in his glance. Mrs. Barnetta beckoned him to her side; he stood there just as Rosa came up from her promenade and left the arm of one cavalier to be carried off by another. "You are not dancing, Mr. Malvin?" she said. "Oh, would you hold my fan and handkerchief?" He followed them with his eye again as the music crashed into a dashing *galop*.

What right had that other man with his clasp about this darling? Why did he suffer it? What decency was there in the society that commanded such sacrifice? In his embrace—whirling wildly to this wild music!

"You do hate him, don't you?" said Mrs. Barnetta in his ear. "If looks could slay—" he started. Was he carrying his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at? "Oh, I don't pity you a bit," laughed Mrs. Barnetta, lowtoned. And, putting out her hand, she took Rosa's fan and opened it as she talked. "Anybody," said she, "with such a power of making misery, ought to enjoy it."

"I—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Barnetta, but if you read me riddles, I must ask you also to be their Sphinx."

"Oh no; it was the function of the Sphinx to propound the riddles, not to solve them." And Mrs. Barnetta laughed her low, pleasant laugh. "You do not come to us any more," she said. "And, as I used to be in your confidence before you deserted me, I can imagine the reason. I do not like to say that it is very shabby treatment of an old friend. Of course I can not say that it is rude. But if you do not dance with Miss Mercier this evening I shall be fearfully offended. I am not going to have my little treasure made unhappy for the sake of the safety of the prince of all good fellows himself."

Lucian changed color so suddenly that Mrs. Barnetta put out her hand in affright, half expecting to see him fall; but in a moment he was himself again.

"Do you——Is Miss Mercier——" he began, and paused half way.

"As if I should say another word, and had not already said altogether too much!" said Mrs. Barnetta. "There, she has left dancing and gone for an ice. What do you think of round dances, on the whole?" And they were to all appearances, deep in discussion of the subject when Rosa returned and swept her late partner a courtesy, and took shelter on the other side of Mrs. Barnetta. Perhaps she had seen the way Lucian's eyes had followed her, and it had given her a certain illumination that made her shrink.

Just then the band began one of the Hungarian waltzes, a sweet and rapturous measure that set the blood itself to dancing in one's veins. Why not? One last dance, one last moment of ecstasy, ere he went out forever into loneliness. Directly he crumpled the bit of lace into his pocket, and was bending before the little Rosa, who seemed suddenly to have lost all her light gaiety, and who put out her hand to him with a conscious burning blush upon her face that his heart reflected in a melting glow. And then there was no thought of pride, or of negation, or forgetting; the music was swinging them at its will; they circled in each other's arms to its delicious and delirious movement — eternity would hardly have any bliss for lovers beyond the bliss of this moment. Yet, only a moment was it, a few moments, a brief sweet space of half-conscious time; and then a faint recognition crept through its spell and warned Lucian of the poison in this honey. He was in the act of surrender; he was about to seal his fate and that of his dear girl; to take her away from her father's wealth and her luxurious ease and condemn her to the carking cares of poverty. All his nature rebelled; he chose not to be swayed by this melody of horns and strings; he would have no passion, neither music nor love, so master his soul as to become the element in which it swam, an exclusion of thought and fear, of sight and sound, and all other emotion; and, with his imperious determination, he chose to break the enchantment; the real world crept back upon his senses; he heard the tune, beyond this cloud that wrapped them, breaking again into its distinctive measure, and, exerting his will, he controlled their steps, and paused at last beside Mrs. Barnetta, and with a low bow, and without a word, gave Rosa back into that lady's care, and passed into the crowd and out of the place, and home to his lonely rooms.

It was daybreak before he sought repose, walking the floors till then, hardly knowing what he did or what he thought, but intent upon conquering himself. He would give the world for Rosa Mercier's love, but he would not give his pride. To him that pride meant self-respect; to marry her, the child of opulence, meant either to sell himself for a price or to reduce her to trouble and weariness in which her love might soon wear out. He did not doubt that love now; without a syllable's speech he felt sure of it. While it thrilled him wildly and deeply, it cast a sudden shadow of regret; he only hoped, and cursed his fate that forced him to hope such a thing that presently the love would pass, and some one who would make her happier would claim her. At length, with maledictions in the act, he emptied his pockets of the gloves, handkerchiefs, and trifles there, and went to bed, with the sun coming through the curtain, and, worn out in body and mind, slept, to the blessed and thorough oblivion of all the world.

When he awoke it was late in the day. All his trouble rushed over him, but in a moment all his will to repel it rose too. He dressed himself leisurely; he meant to call that night on Miss Mercier, restore her handkerchief that he had forgotten to give back after the dance, and in some indirect way let her know that he intended never to marry, and so seal his doom beyond hope. He went into the next room when he had completed his toilet, and after attending to one or two other affairs, looked for the handkerchief that he remembered to have taken from his pocket and to have tossed upon the table there. It was not on the table; it was nowhere in the room. In a panic he rung the bell, and when it was answered, instituted an inquiry concerning the thing. Yes, indeed, Susan had seen it, and thought it was so yellow and soiled she would take it down and wash it. "Lors, sir, it was the dirtiest little rag," she said. "Just straw-color. And I thought I would give it a run through the tub and blueing and make it fit to be seen."

"Good heavens!" he cried, with a horrified flash of remembrance of having somewhere heard that the yellower lace was the more precious it was, and that it never was washed on any account except by people who did nothing else. "Let me have it at once." And in five minutes afterward Susan stood before him holding up a little limp rag, and with a pang as from the blow of something unknown and dreadful, the conversation that he had heard a year or two ago, swept back upon his recollection.

Five hundred dollars! And gone to grief in a moment! And he could no more replace it than he could fly, without what was the same to him as absolute ruin. Of course, he must replace it; he could not be indebted, through the stupidity of his servant, or through any other means, to Miss Mercier in that sum. Without any doubt she valued such a bit of lace; and if anything were needed to demonstrate to him the wisdom of the course he had decided on, and the utter absurdity of having dared, for a single moment, to look with love on one of these darlings of fortune, it was the fact that her handkerchiefs alone were items of $500. What a shame! what wickedness! what a preposterous folly! How could a young man marry? He burned with indignation then.

But to replace it; one-third of the sum he was saving to redeem his little property from mortgage—all the money he really had in the world beyond that for his daily expenses! It was the ruin of his hopes, his ambitions, his pride, that scorned so to be anybody's debtor; it threw him back in the race how long! But it must be done. He had a trifle over $500 in the National Solvency bank. He drew his check for the necessary sum, and folded it away in his pocket-book, and then went about his business till nightfall, when he came back to his dreary rooms and made himself ready to call at Mrs. Barnetta's.

The night had never seemed so beautiful, the stars so large and keen and far above the earth, so remote and cold—they typified all the dear and happy things of life forever removed from him. His heart was chilled and his face was white when he stood at last in Mrs. Barnetta's drawing-room, and she floated forward to meet him. He had not asked for Miss Mercier.

"It is a delicate errand, Miss Barnetta," said he, with a dreary attempt at smiling. "But the truth is that my maid, in her officious kindness, has done such damage to a bit of Miss Mercier's property that I must replace it. And I have come to beg you, out of your friendship for me, to transact the affair, if such an article can be replaced here. I believe these little trifles are rather costly, and, if you will procure one"—and he laid the check he had drawn that morning and the little limp rag in Mrs. Barnetta's hand—"as like the original as possible, I"——

"My dear Mr. Malvin, what in the world are you talking of?" cried Mrs. Barnetta. "Have you money to throw about in this way? Five hundred dollars—what is it for?"

"To replace Miss Mercier's handkerchief, if you will be so good as to make the purchase."

"Like this?" said Mrs. Barnetta, holding up the limp rag by one corner.

"Like that," said Lucian.

"Oh, that is too good!" cried Mrs. Barnetta, with a peal of laughter. "It is too good, it is too absurd! What creatures men are! Did you imagine that this bit of finery was worth all that—this little strip of grass-cloth and German lace? No wonder the young men don't marry then! My dear Mr. Malvin, this miserable handkerchief cost exactly $2.50, and was nearly worn out at that. Did you imagine, too, that my poor little Rosa could wear $500 handkerchiefs, without a cent to her name?"

"Without a cent to her name?" cried Lucian, springing to his feet.

"Exactly. Aha! Is that the trouble? Now why didn't you come and talk it all over with me in the way you used to do, and save yourself this vexation, and save my little Rosa too? What an absurd boy you are! Another would have waited to hear that she was an heiress; you wait to hear that she is penniless. Well, she is, if that satisfies you, except for what I shall leave my little god-daughter when I die—which will not be at present, D. V. And there she is in the next room now. But, bless me——"

Lucian had not waited for the rest of the invocation. He was already in the next room, and Rosa was already in his arms.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Yellowstone Country.

This letter is dated "on the Yellowstone river." If your readers want to know what this river and the country bordering it are, they will not need Monroe's dime novels, Ned Buntline's stories, or Prof. Hayden's reports. In former letters to the *Tribune* I exploded some of these romantic theories. Instead of its being an inviting region, it is now, in the middle of its short summer, a most forbidding land. To-day we landed and prospected one of its most inviting valleys. There was an open prairie reaching back about two miles to the foothills, and evidently filled with a luxuriant vegetation. The height of the bank and the alluvial deposit naturally indicated the presence of bulberries, strawberries, and the thousand-and-one indigenous varieties of the floral kingdom. But what did we find? Sage-bush and lop-eared sun-flowers! One solitary hermaphrodite wild-rose was discovered, but it might have been cactus, as we had no botanist on the boat. The general configuration of the country is that of a fellow who has been bounced out of a Canal street whisky-dive, and the general value of the country is equal to Chicago river water for toilet purposes. In fact, here is a scope of country lying north and south of the Missouri river and east and west of the 104th longitude which God Almighty intended solely for the occupation of Sioux Indians and rattlesnakes, and I shall ever hold that the white man has no more business here than he has in Ujiji. In this vast wild—timber, water, prairie—one would naturally expect to find an abundance of wild game. It is a region seldom enroached upon by the hunter. So far, we have seen a half-score of wild geese with their young, one antediluvian bear, one young elk, and one black-tailed deer.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

"Dynamite Fiend" in France.

The latest French journals recite the discovery in France of a match for the too famous Thomasson in the person of a merchant in Paris, who recently imported from Switzerland several casks of what he declared to be undutiable "clay." The Custom house officers suspected something, kept the casks at the warehouse, and sent for a chemist. The chemist was puzzled with his first specimen of the contents, until he bethought himself of testing a piece of the pretended clay with fire. It instantly exploded with a loud noise. Another very small piece put into a mortar, exploded on being sharply touched with a pestle. It proved to be dynamite. The casks contained enough, had any one of them been rolled off a cart on to the ground, to have blown up a whole quarter of the city. Fancy such a cask in the hands of a couple of American baggage-smashers! Legal proceedings have been taken against this wretch who thus risked the lives of thousands to save a few francs.

THE TURCO-SERVIAN WAR.

The Defeat of the Servians—What Next?

[From the New York Tribune.]

There is no longer any doubt that the Servian line of defense has been completely broken, and that the whole country now lies open to Turkish invasion. The capture of Gurgusovatz renders both Saitschar and Alexinatz untenable, and it is scarcely possible that the remnants of the Servian army can be concentrated in any new defensive position. Gen. Tchernayeff has shown that he is no match for Osman Pasha; he has probably been outgeneraled from the beginning, and his whole campaign must be set down as an inglorious failure. We cannot assume that a people so warlike and so eager for the present conflict as the Servians have shown any lack of bravery; but the most gallant troops in the world lose both faith and force when they feel that they are badly commanded. If the report be true that Gen. Tchernayeff failed to send reinforcements to Gurgusovatz in time to save the place, his incompetency is equivalent to treason.

For the past fortnight the movements of the Turkish army have been so rapid and well directed that the chance now opened to it is sure to be seized. The two roads into the valley of the Morawa—one from Gurgusovatz to Banja and Alexinatz, and the other from Saitschar to Paratjin (Prince Milan's headquarters)—cannot be held by the defeated, scattered, and demoralized Servians. A rapid advance of the Turks will open for them the way to Belgrade, before reaching which the Danube gives them a new base of supplies. If the struggle were solely between Servia and Turkey, the speedy triumph of the latter power might now be accepted as certain.

But the interests involved extend far beyond the question of the independence of a province or two. The latter is the very least of them. The features of a long-delayed yet inevitable religious conflict become every day more apparent. The horrible massacre in Bulgaria, incredible as they seemed at first, prove to have been scarcely exaggerated. The released fanaticism of Islam has helped Osman Pasha to his victories, and the march of the Turks through Servia will leave only blood and ashes behind it. Such devices as are employed in Constantinople, of enlisting Christian vagabonds under a banner blazoned with the cross and crescent, side by side, deceive Europe no longer. Even in England the conventional pro-Turkish feeling is rapidly dying out; the London *Times* of yesterday simply gives a late expression to a sentiment which has been spreading and growing for two months past, until it has become something very like indignation at the cool, indifferent attitude of the Government. Even the plea of maintenance of the Ottoman power in Europe, as a political necessity, will have little weight in the face of such evidence as has now been furnished to the world.

The defeat of Servia is thus coincident with an immense accession of sympathy for the interests she represents. If fortune further deserts her arms—as is most probable—it will be impossible to prevent that sympathy from moving to her aid. On the other hand, the hate and barbarity of the Turks, who seem bent on reviving the spirit of the seventh century, and are hardly restrained by a Government still in a state of revolution, will be stimulated to new atrocities. In the present temper of the people, success means excess. How long will the policy of non-intervention tolerate such a situation? It is already responsible for several weeks of slaughter. If either a Eneopean war or a barbarous and intolerable peace is to be avoided, the great Powers must not lose another day. They must agree upon some temporary platitude, as heretofore, and enforce a pacification upon the basis of complete and guaranteed protection to all the Christian subjects of Turkey.

A Lightning Bolt Writing God's Name on a Blasphemer.

Some of our contemporaries seem disposed to question the truth of our statement that a negro man who was killed by lightning a few days ago in Campbell County had the letters "GOD" on his body. Dr. Thomas E. Moorman, whose postoffice address is Mt. Zion, Campbell county, has furnished the Richmond *Christian Advocate* an account of the circumstances, from which we extract the following:

"On the evening of the 6th inst. Perry Jones and George Brown, colored men, notoriously the most profane, wicked persons in the whole community, with three other colored persons, took refuge, during the rain accompanied by a good deal of lightning and thunder, in a tobacco barn on the land of Mr. Geo. Creasey.

"From their several positions one would have thought that two of the others were in more, and the third in as much danger as Jones and Brown were. They, as their custom was, were engaged in cursing and swearing. Suddenly the lightning descended upon them, and while the other three were comparatively uninjured, Jones was killed and Brown was stricken down senseless and almost lifeless for a time. He revived after a few minutes, and soon seemed to have regained all of his strength, but was dumb and bereft of his mind for several hours. The lightning had set fire to his clothing, and he was burned on his chest and left side and arm before the fire was extinguished. In his maniac efforts to free himself from those who were restraining him the skin was rubbed from the burned flesh and presented the following characters, GOD. Very close representation, to say the least of them, of the capital letters used in printing the name of Deity, while around and between them the skin was unremoved, and apparently not burned. The above characters occupied the angles of an equilateral triangle, which, as you are doubtless aware, was in ancient days the symbol of Deity. This man then appears to have been branded with the name of his Creator in the symbolic language, it may be of his forefathers three thousand years ago, and in the printed language of the nation to which he belongs."—*Lynchburg News.*

Pith and Point.

SPRINKLE ashes on the icy sidewalks.

A DIFFICULT lock to pick—One from a bald head.

THEY pretend to have a young lady in St. Louis so kind-hearted and lazy that she will never beat an egg.

AN Indiana man has just been neatly scalped by a stroke of lightning, and he speaks of it as a very wigged performance.

KIDNER is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends.

IT is suggested that the display of coffins at the Centennial must be intended for the special benefit of the deadheads.

A WAG, noted for his brevity, writes to a friend to be careful in the selection of his diet. He says, "Don't eat Q'cumbers; they'll W-up."

FROM a boy's composition on hens, in the Boston *Courier:* "I cut my uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet and it scared her to death."

THE Turks are trying to compel the citizens of Bucharest to take an oath on the Koran. See here! Isn't it about time to give that Bucharest.—*Graphic.*

SYMPATHY is sweet—sweeter than moonshine or molasses—but you can't safely fool around a sea-sick man with too much of it, so long as he has strength enough left to kick.

"SMALL thanks to you," said a petulant plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the witness, "but just think of what I didn't say!"

"MY DEAR," said a gentleman to his wife, "our new club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed!" sneered the wife; "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

THIS is the season of the year to get off the old joke about the city girl who goes up to the cow-yard fence, and, drawing her muslin dress up and about, says coyly, "Oh, cousin John! which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?"

A SHOEMAKER'S son has secured the naval cadetship in Fernando Wood's district, and it is hoped it is not the last of him, but that he will toe the mark, welt the enemy if he ever gets a chance, and get his share of the booty.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A CHINAMAN'S teeth began to chatter over the ice cream. He buttoned up his jacket and swallowed another mouthful. That settled it. He jumped from the table and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming: "Whoopee! Plenty cold grub! No cookee nuff! Fleeze belly all same like ice wagon!"

ON a recent Sunday at Lowell, Mass., a collection was taken up at one of the churches. As the box reached a pew occupied by a lady, her daughter, and little son, the two former found themselves without a cent of money. Master Hopeful reached over and deposited a cent in the box, and then whispered to his sister, "There, I just saved this family from being whitewashed."

WORKINGMAN WORSHIP.

We may differ in some things—may differ in all,
We are some for the Factory—some for the Hall;
We may look up to Cotton, or on it look down—
A President wish for, or rev'rence the Crown:
But (so long as to office assist us he can)
We all love and respect, sir, the true Workingman—
Yes! all other titles we place under ban,
For the highest of lordships—my Lord Workingman
—*Punch.*

"I GIVE and bequeath unto Mary, my wife, the sum o' £100 a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, master?" "Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old; she may marry again. Won't you make a change in that case? Most people do." "Ay, do they!" said the farmer; "well, write again; I give and bequeath unto her the sum of £200 a year. That'll do, won't it, master?" "Why, it's just double the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it's generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again." "Ay," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll deserve it."

Phonetic Spelling.

A stickler for correct orthography writes as follows to the Pottsville (Pa.) *Miner:* "I red an artickle on spelling lately, and found som kurius things which mite bear reprinting, and which mite interest yure readers. By yure permishun I would add the following: There wuz a time wen peple rote the word 'music' musicke and musick; but kustom has dropped the 'k' from all words but words ov one syllable. Now, Y did our lexicografers not drop the 'k' in such words, too? It wood be shorter and easier to write, 'Dic gave Jac a kic and a noc on the bac with a thic stic.' And Y do the words convey and inveigh, deceit and receipt, not terminate with more uniformity? It wuz such words that diskuraged yure korrespondent so much that he has never learned to spell korrectly, as U may C in this artickle."

THIS is an unfortunate season for circuses, and several of the largest traveling concerns have become bankrupt.